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branches of the tree of knowledge which now flourish in the East and in the West. They even consider the geography of these provinces as the ground work of the seducing narratives we read in ancient poets and romances of the Fortunate islands, the Elysian fields, the Sunken land of Atlas and the country of the Hyperboreans, all which places are universally described by the writers in question, as inhabited by an uncommonly virtuous race of men, *gens justissima*—a nation of heroes and sages. The advocates of this theory are accustomed to urge, among other corroborating circumstances, the great conformity between the actual character of the Dutch and the qualities attributed in history to the tribes in question. In fact, if the Dutch are, as they suppose by general acknowledgment, *a community of philosophers*, the theory would certainly be in a high degree probable. Such communities are not of daily occurrence, and with the exception of the United States, we have no people who can put in a very plausible claim to this distinction. The opinion of Louis, which we quoted above, forms, therefore, a singular corroboration of this system, and the more as it appears to have been given without any view to its being used for this purpose. If the attempts which have been made to substantiate the analogy between the arts and languages of the different nations of the world, and those of Holland are equally successful, we may regard the solution of this most interesting problem in the history of man, as near at hand. We have not room, at the close of this long article, to enter upon a full discussion of a new subject of such importance, but must reserve our remarks for a future essay, which we have in preparation, on the local position of the garden of Eden. We may add, however, that the opinion of the late worthy and ingenious Diedrich Knickerbocker, respecting the Dutch character, appears to have been not less elevated than that of Louis Bonaparte.

ART. XIV.—*Anastasius ; or Memoirs of a Greek : written at the close of the last century.* New York, reprinted, 2 vols. 12mo. 1820.

THERE are few things, in which the progress of taste has been greater, than in the department of novel writing. A

sort of literature, unknown in the classical ages of antiquity, and which came up in the Greek and Latin languages, after every thing else had gone down ; and which, with various fortunes in the modern languages, had scarce attained a classical elevation in any of them, has, of late years, been cultivated by the first geniuses in most of the countries of modern Europe. It is enough to mention the names of Edgeworth and Walter Scott, in England ; of Rousseau and Madame de Staël, in France ; of Wieland, Goethe, and Schiller, in Germany ; and of Foscolo in Italy, to show, that scarce a branch of modern literature has more great names to boast of, than that of novel writing. What great and cultivated minds can afford to write, kindred minds need not, of course, be ashamed to read ; and that, which was once the solace of boarding-school misses and the traffic of circulating libraries, has grown into a vehicle of history, poetry, ethics, and eloquence, to which none is too grave to resort, and with which none is too refined to be pleased. Instead of an insipid ringing of changes on the ordinary events of fashionable society, a broad caricature painting of the manners of high life, by those who had witnessed them at an humble distance, we have now the most masterly sketches of history, the most discriminating views of national character, the deepest lessons of morals, and the finest bursts of poetry and eloquence, under the name of a romance, a novel, or a tale. Nor has the effect been such as might have been anticipated. This high classical character, which has been given to works of imagination, has not had the effect simply of transferring them from the lower to the higher classes of readers. It has not taken novel reading out of the hands of chambermaids and apprentices, to put it into the hands of philosophers and scholars ; but either by the charm inseparable from novel writing, or the peculiar skill with which the works we allude to are written, that are, somewhat as Hooker saith of the law, alike interesting to all, to the least as feeling their charm, and the greatest, as not exempt from their power. Though we shrewdly suspect that there are readers who will skip the essay on the Knights Templars in *Ivanhoe*, or the antiquarian excursions in *Coriune* ; yet, upon the whole, there are no books more voraciously devoured, even by inveterate novel readers, than the class of novels of which we are speaking. The productions of the Minerva press have been put to rout,

in their own entrenchments, by the very works which have made history dull and poetry tiresome. It is to us, indeed, inconceivable that the trade of job novel writing should not have been wholly broken up, by the splendid productions of the last years ; nor do we know how it has been possible, not only for the Thaddeus of Warsaws and the Scottish Chiefs, but even the Trials of the Hearts and the Mysterious Strangers to stand before the Waverleys and the Vivians. But fools rush in where angels fear to tread ; and every quarterly list gives the names of novel-writers, who do not fear to stand up in the presence of that half-anonymous portent, before whom even Miss Edgeworth seems to bow in silence.

The work before us is not the least remarkable of the remarkable novels which have appeared of late years. On its first publication in England, it was announced by an unusual flourish of trumpets in the minor reviews, which was duly echoed in our country. Like every thing else misanthropical and licentious, it was ascribed pretty freely to the great poetical residuary legatee of the spleen of the age ; who is accountable for too many authentic libels on his own genius and human nature, to make it kind to ascribe to him any more. It is now in private circles, but we know not how justly, ascribed to an Englishman of fortune, who is said to have composed it from the notes taken on his travels in Turkey, with the aid of the MS. of a Frenchman long resident in the same country. That it is the production of a person or persons who have passed much time in Turkey, with the best means of observation, is apparent on the face of the work. Nor are we acquainted with one among the stately travellers in that much travelled land, from whose formal journals more knowledge of the manners, character, and recent history of the Greeks and Turks can be derived, than is embodied in this work. The style is that of a cultivated writer : very powerful and eloquent at times, though sometimes running into the affected force of the school of Godwin, often intentionally negligent and coarse, and rather constrained throughout. The geographical and national costume is finely kept up. The names are pure modern Greek and Turkish, Arabic and Egyptian. We have detected nothing English or French in the scenery or incidents ; and as for terms and titles, even with the aid of the glossary at the end, it requires

little less than one of the author's own drogomans, to get through with them. As to the skill, with which the characters are drawn, we humbly think there is little or none of it. They are all of the diabolical class ; or where they are not, the few good people or good actions which are thrown in, appear to have been admitted merely to furnish materials for the infernal passions of the prominent characters to act upon : simplicity to be deceived by their cunning, confidence to be betrayed by their perfidy, love to be ill-requited and deserted, honour to be scorned, innocence to be seduced, and industry and probity to be ruined. When there is no obvious design of this kind, in the introduction of a little virtue into the plot, it is at best admitted only as a foil to the dark prevailing shades, that settle over the main business and characters of the piece. The hero, Anastasius, is at one time a ' Corsair,' and at another a Don Juan. His character appears originally conceived on these models, but it has pleased the author to throw into it so many pick-pocket graces, so much of the old English *prigism*, that we are occasionally bewildered, and think we have gotten back to the worst scenes of Jonathan Wild or Gil Blas. All this did not necessarily involve any thing, which was *scandalous*, in the stricter sense of the word ; and to make his book a bolder defiance of public decency, the author has occasionally indulged in a licentiousness equally immoral and disgusting. ' Some apology,' says he in the preface, ' may seem required for the publication of these memoirs. The editor, indeed, trusts that no one will suspect him of proposing the hero as a model, his actions as examples, or his principles as praiseworthy ; but he would not even willingly be supposed to present scenes too frequently of vice, merely for the sake of affording and idle and unprofitable pastime. His aim is not wholly frivolous.' He does not, however, inform us of any good object, which he proposed to himself in the exceptionable features of the work ; but only adds, in the sequel of his preface, speaking in the character of editor of a work which had fallen into his hands, that ' unfortunately the weeds in his work are so closely interwoven with the flowers, that only some of the rankest among the former could be plucked out without detriment to the latter.' Now to be guilty of the simplicity of parleying with a man of straw—with the author of this English novel in the disguise of the editor of a Greek

manuscript, what apology does all this afford for the introduction of scenes and the description of events, shocking to delicacy, nay to decency ? We freely acquit the editor of a design of holding up his hero as a model, his actions as examples, or his principles as praiseworthy : but we severely condemn him for attempting to poison the imagination with the description of profligate actions, and the delineation of scandalous scenes ; and for being willing to purchase a momentary interest for his work with the least respectable part of his readers, by availing himself, we will not say of the most corrupt, but of the most contemptible sources of interest. The amount of geographical and historical information, the strength and fidelity of the description of natural scenery, the dramatic incident, and the strong writing which this book contains, might, under the direction of a purer taste, have made a work of which the age would have been proud. Could the materials, here wrought up into this offensive tissue, have been placed at the disposal of the author of *Waverley*, who, like all the sons of light, has a moral sensibility as keen and delicate as his intellectual, what an admirable production would he not have given us. Instead of this, *Anastasius*, with incident enough for sixteen fashionable novels, with as much information with regard to the Greeks, the Turks, and the Arabs, as can be drawn out of many a ponderous tome of history and travel, and better written than many better books, will, or at least ought to have, a limited circulation, and a transient existence ; and be set down among the productions of the day, as a work which the angel of literature, if any such spirit there be, will

Blush to record, and weep to give it in.

Lest, however, our readers be tempted to think from the nature of the exceptions we take to it, as well as from the tenor of our introductory remarks, that it is a work in every other respect of the highest class, and worthy to be named with the *Waverleys* and the *Antiquaries*, we think proper to add, that its literary execution and its conception as a work of taste are not of the highest order. The story is overlaid and crushed, by the quantity of history introduced. There are few readers, that will not nod over much of the Egyptian campaign, and who would not gladly have exchanged some chapters at *Cairo*, and the falls of the Nile, for a glimpse at the

parts of Greece which are left untouched ; a visit, if no more, to Sparta, to Delphi, to Thermopylæ or to Athens. There is, perhaps, also too resolute an introduction of oriental costume and character. The Turks are too Turkish, the Greeks too Greek. Men do not cease to be men, because they wear turbans. The great lines of humanity, in all countries, are the same ; and it is the error of an inexperienced or a timid writer to think it necessary to crush all the traits of the common human nature and human manners, by anxiously keeping up peculiarities which do not often occur, nor in every man. It is like Modern Latin, so exquisitely ancient, so thickly peppered with *ἄπαξ λεγόμενα*, that an old Roman would be at his wits' end to understand it. Had our author recollected the humorous complaints of the Citizen of the World, who had no chance at a comfortable meal in London, from being constantly teased to eat with chop sticks, he would have spared us some of the oriental scenery, which now figures in his volume.

The objects of reviewing are various ; we mean the secondary objects ; the primary object, by common law of reviewers, being 'the cutting up' of any person detected in writing a book. That this is the primary object of reviewing is now well understood. It has been very judiciously laid down, in a decision of our illustrious brethren at Edinburgh, that an author as such is the property, the possession, the slave, the mancipium of the reviewer. The very terms of the language imply it,—'Our author.' No form of language can express more absolutely the *diminutio capitis maxima*, a right more full and unconditioned. No rank, no wealth, no power, no time, no place can take the *author* out of this unqualified servitude. The oldest adepts in the art, the gravest teachers of wisdom, the canonized sages of antiquity, the bearded masters of the East ; all that time has spared or learning uncovered from its ashes ; every sacred name of pundit and munshi, of magus, sophist and doctor, scavant and scholar, their moallakats and their anthologies, their poetry and their prose, every thing that, by however remote an association, falls within the category of author or book, falls at the same time, and *ipso facto*, beneath the dominion of the reviewer. He holds this literary dominion, as the political lords of society hold theirs ; by an arbitrary, unconfessed right, far above your *jus divinum*, or your peo-

ple's choice, by his own free will and assumption. He is bound also to execute this charge, as the rulers of the earth execute their charge, as seemeth him good. He has the same right to sacrifice book, section and chapter, that they have to sacrifice division, battalion and company. He is no more bound to ask an author if he shall abuse his treatise, than they have to ask the subject if they shall empty his pockets. He is to execute the high trust, which, from a disinterested love of letters and hatred of authors he voluntarily assumes, with a high hand and steady nerves. The remonstrances of authors, who had rather be puffed than ridiculed, the squibs of newspapers, and the denunciations of *Coteries* must be to him, what the petitions of loyal subjects, the memorials of suffering merchants, the addresses of aggrieved corporations, are to legitimate sovereigns ; nor is there a single principle of truth and justice, at all more binding on the reviewer than on the ruler, the minister, and the prince.

But though such be the tenure of his dignity, of the duties and privileges connected with it, and the primary objects which he has in view, the good natured reviewer, as objects wholly subordinate and secondary, aims to spread the reputation of good books ; commonly taking care to wait a prudent time, for the public taste to pronounce them good ; and to check the circulation of bad books, after they have been scouted out of all well educated company, and thrown under every decent table. He does not disdain to exercise a laudable diligence, in commending acknowledged merit, detecting exploded error, and above all, which is upon the whole a great secret, filling up his pages with extracts from popular books, for which his readers have already paid in another form. This last is no small mystery ; for with good management, the simple public, which is at the mercy of authors in much the same way that they are of reviewers, the good natured public may be made to pay three times for the same article ; first in the original publication of the author ; second in the review with extracts or rather the extracts with a review of the critic ; and third in the notice of the review, by the newspapers of the day.

It does indeed happen, in a few rare instances, that a reviewer is quixotic enough to attempt something more ; to labour on the refutation of an author's errors, or a confirmation of his reasonings, or a pursuit of his inquiries, or an analy-

sis of his chapters, by which the busy reader may be aided in forming his judgment of their contents and availing himself of what information they contain. Sometimes, too, we take compassion on the purses of the public, and try to make our review serve as a substitute for the work itself: and very highly to the satisfaction of the author, and still more of his bookseller, furnish our readers with a sketch and extracts, that will enable them to dispense with the necessity of buying the book. Our present design, in the case of *Anastasius*, is a little different still. We wish to furnish those of our readers who are deterred by the moral character of the work, with an opportunity of deriving some gratification from its contents. We wish to pluck up a few more of the weeds, hoping that the flowers will gain instead of suffering detriment, by the process; and inasmuch as self interest creeps into and corrupts every thing, we are anxious to signalize our own sagacity, in commenting on a few of the statements. Having thus at the beginning fairly told the reader what we mean to do, a piece of candor so rare with writers, whether critics or authors, that the reader is often at loss at the end to know what their object has been; we shall allow him to make the best of our information, by turning at once to the next article, without stipulating, however, that it shall be half as edifying as we should be glad to make this.

This work is called the *Memoirs of a Modern Greek*, and bespeaks our interest in its title. It is scarce a century and a half, since so little was known or cared for Greece, in the rest of modern Europe, that some of the travellers, we believe, speak of Athens as being lost. This is correctly enough said, if intended to convey an idea of the ignorance of Greece which prevailed in the rest of Europe. But when, with several late writers, we go on to say that even the name of Athens had disappeared, under the barbarous appellation of *Settines*, given to the city of Minerva by the fishermen on the coasts, we exaggerate the degeneracy of the Greeks. If for *Settines* you read *Sethines*, and so in fact it stands on the old maps, you have the name very nearly, no doubt, as it may have been pronounced in the days of Pericles. If, instead of bringing this word into two syllables, with the accent on the first, you pronounce it in three syllables with the accent on the second, and with the continental sound of the vowels, you have 'S-ethines or 'ε ἀθήνας, the classical name of Athens,

with the adjection of the preposition that prevails in so many of the modern Greek names of places.*

There is, however, nothing about Athens in Anastasius, and we should owe an apology to our readers for wandering so soon from the point, if a reviewer were not luckily under no sort of obligation to confine himself to what his author has said. But though in Anastasius there is nothing about Athens, there is much of the modern Greeks. The author has infused into the character of his hero some noble qualities, and still more into that of his friend Spiridion. But notwithstanding this, the modern Greek character is painted on the whole in dark and contemptible colours. We ascribe something of this to that delicate feeling of national courtesy, which leads the travellers and the writers of the present day to abuse and vilify every country but their own. It does not, in the case of Anastasius, appear to be done with the design which some of the travellers, both noble and gentle, have had in similar unfavourable representations of the Greeks, viz. to set off, in a more advantageous light, the romantic and fictitious virtues, which they ascribe to the Turks. Anastasius is more honest. Turk and Greek fare alike in his hand ; *Tros Rutulusve*. The only difference is that which grows out of their difference of political condition. It is only a choice between servile and tyrannical meanness, treachery, and corruption ; between the vices of masters and the vices of slaves. Whatever may be said of the spirit which dictates this unsparing sentence of condemnation, we are sure that the part of it least open to objection is that, which concerns the Turks ; a nation which has lost the virtues of barbarism, without acquiring those of civilization ; and seems in its position between cultivated Europe and the savage North and East, to unite all that is corrupt in both regions ; the cruelty and ferocity of the one with the sensuality and luxury of the other, without the redemption of Scythian manliness, or the courtesy of civilized life. That the command of the lives and fortunes of others, and the habit of giving arbitrary law to towns, districts, and empires, should never produce a princely generosity of character among individual Turks, is not to be supposed. It is very natural that a traveller

* This remark ought the less to have been overlooked, as it is as old as Meursius, who, in making it, does not seem to be aware that he contradicts himself : (de Fortuna Attic. in fin.)

through their pachalics, with firmans from their sultan, backed by the passports of imperial and royal ambassadors ; with his purse full of ducats, and his trunks of telescopes, gold watches, and elegant cutlery to be laid at their highnesses' feet, should be kindly received and faithfully protected. But it needs no observation or testimony of travellers, to teach us that a nation originally of barbarous warriors, still retaining military possession of a conquered country, but so degenerate, as to be supported therein by the conflicts of European politics and not by their own strength, and therefore characterized by all the vices of military government, without the virtues incident to severe discipline ; a nation which makes it a matter at once of political and religious conscience to crush every germ of useful learning and the refined arts, and which tolerates not the art of printing ; a nation subjected itself to a despotism as absolute as the military servitude in which it holds the original inhabitants of the countries where it is encamped, a despotism destroying all orders in society, by making all equally worthless in the sovereign eye, and annihilating, by a total insecurity of property, the great motive to public and private effort, and the great bond of social union ; a nation, finally, in which polygamy exists, and that great element of happiness and virtue, the equality of the sexes, is unknown ;—it needs no observation or testimony to teach us that such a nation must in every sense and form be in the last stages of corruption. And to talk of the honour, the virtue, the magnanimity of the Turks, on the score of the personal kindness and protection which a traveller may experience, is to trifle with moral distinctions, and to utter a libel on civilized society. We mean not, in giving this character of the Turks, to insinuate a panegyric of the modern Greeks, who have all the civil and national vices to be expected from their situation and fortunes. All enthusiasm is honest, and we feel no disposition to censure that which is felt for whatever bears the name of Greek or Greece. But if knowledge, art, refinement, and glory are ever to revisit the world, in their ancient athenian splendor, there are not many regions of the earth, which we should not sooner point out for the manifestation of this *avatar*, than the spot of its former appearance. Greece is ignorant, poor, enslaved, and abject ; and there are regions of the earth, which are enlightened, prosperous, and free ; and it seems

more in the order of Providence, that these last should be made the theatre of the glorious efforts of humanity, than those, which have had their day of visitation, and are no more. The consequence of driving the Turks from Greece, the first step which presents itself toward Grecian restoration, would be the subjecting of the country, which they now oppress, to one or all the powers, whose present mutual jealousies maintain the Porte, and we are not quite sure if any thing, beyond the vexatious and barbarous parts of the Turkish government, would disappear, under the administration of a Russian, an Austrian, or an English governor. The substantial disabilities of the subject would, we apprehend, remain undiminished.

But to return from the country to the person of our hero, Anastasius is the son of a Sciote, whose ancestors had emigrated from Epirus to the isle of Scio. His father was drogoman to the French Consul at Scio, an office far more important in the East, than is indicated by the word *interpreter*, by which that of drogoman is usually rendered. The ignorance of their respective languages, which prevails between Franks and Orientals, putting it out of the power of the principals to detect the infidelity of their interpreters, these latter, instead of being mere linguists, are agents of the most confidential character. The chief drogoman of the Porte is always of one of the first princely houses of the Fanal, and so important is it found by the christian potentates, to attach an able drogoman to their legations at Constantinople, that a douceur of 50,000 dollars is said to have been given by Count Strogoff, the present Russian minister there, to bribe over his drogoman from the service of one of the other powers, we believe the French.

Son of the drogoman of the French Consul at Scio, and of the daughter of the Greek primate of Naxos, Anastasius was the youngest of seven children, whom he describes, with laudable candor, as a generation of vipers. The family estate having been exhausted in the portions of the daughters, and establishments of the sons, Anastasius is destined by his parents, as a last resource, to the church, against his own inclination for the sea. He however soon throws off the restraints imposed upon him, and in capacity of captain of a youthful gang employs himself in pillaging the neighbouring peasantry. To this succeeds the seduction of a young and lovely girl, the

daughter of the French Consul ; and to escape the necessity of a marriage with her, Anastasius flies from home, and takes passage as a cabin boy in a Venetian brig, just sailing. In the course of their passage, they are captured, off Antiparos, by a boatful of Maynote pirates, between whom and the captain of the Venetian a collusion existed. This was in 1779, after the period of the Russian war in the Morea. The Maynotes and their prize, the Venetian, are observed by the Turkish fleet off Nauplia, and both captured by a caravel despatched for that purpose ; and thus, says Anastasius, ‘ was I, hapless Greek, compelled in the space of four days to bear the yoke of four different nations, French, Venetians, Maynotes, and Turks.’

From Nauplia, with the rest of the prisoners, Anastasius is marched up, through the plain of Argos, to the memorable city of that name, where the Turkish army was encamped. Considering the profusion with which we are treated in subsequent parts of the work, with the localities of Constantinople and Cairo, we may regret that the ingenious author did not dwell a moment on his way to Argos, upon the wonders of its plain, upon the Cyclopiian walls of Tiryns, the oldest in Europe, and scarcely less entire than when Homer sang of those

Οἱ δ' Ἀργος τ' εἶχον, Τίρυνθ' αὖ τε τεύχεσσιν,

and upon the citadel of Mycene, and the treasury of Atreus ; objects, which, in the connexion of classical antiquities, give an interest to the plain of Argos, beyond almost every spot in Greece.

On our own arrival at Argos, on account of the plague prevailing there and in the vicinity, we were kindly refused admittance into a private dwelling, and forced to accept of lodgings in a forlorn and ruinous khan. On account of the unexampled swarms of fleas which there prevailed in its wretched chambers, we soon retreated from them to the galleries, to sleep in the open air ; a lot hardly compensated by a long Greek inscription, unnoticed, that we know, by former travellers, which we discovered built into the face of a fountain in the court-yard. Anastasius, in his visit to Argos, was more fortunate than ourselves, for he attracted the notice of Mavroyeni, the drogoman of the Capudan Pasha, or Turkish high admiral, before whom, in capacity of prisoner, he was brought with his comrades. Mavroyeni was pleased

with the appearance of Anastasius, and received him into his service, as a confidential cup-bearer and attendant. After some time spent at Argos, in this situation, our hero follows, in the train of his master, on an expedition undertaken by the Capudan Pasha, against the rebellious Albanians, who had entrenched themselves at Tripolizza, the capital of the Morea, and there bade defiance to the Turkish power. In an engagement, which took place between the Turks and the Albanians, Anastasius, who had not been able to conceal the mortification which he suffered at being obliged to submit to menial offices in the service of Mavroyeni, obtained, through the intercession of the latter, the Pasha's permission to shoulder a musket, and join the fight, like an Osmanlec. On this occasion he distinguishes himself by his rash and thoughtless courage, and had the good fortune to receive the applause of his master and the Pasha, in whose suite, at the close of the campaign, he sails from Nauplia to Constantinople. The reader is thus introduced to the far-famed capital of the East.

‘A most favourable wind continued to swell our sails. Our mighty keel shot rapidly through the waves of the Propontis, foaming before our prow. Every instant the vessel seemed to advance with accelerated speed ; as if—become animated—it felt the near approach to its place of rest ; and at last Constantinople rose, in all its grandeur, before us.

With eyes rivetted on the opening splendors, I watched, as they rose out of the bosom of the surrounding waters, the pointed minarets, the swelling cupolas, and the innumerable habitations, which, either stretching away along the winding shore, reflected their image in the wave, or creeping up the steep sides of the mountain, traced their outline on the sky. At first agglomerated in a single confused mass, the lesser parts of this immense whole seemed, as we advanced, by degrees to unfold, to disengage themselves from each other, and to grow into various groups, divided by wide chasms and deep indentures—until at last the clusters, thus far distantly connected, became transformed as if by magic into three entirely different cities, each individually of prodigious extent, and each separated from the others by a wide arm of that sea, whose silver tide encompassed their stupendous base, and made it rest half on Europe and half on Asia. Entranced by the magnificent spectacle, I felt as if all the faculties of my soul were insufficient fully to embrace its glories : I hardly retained power to breathe ; and almost apprehended that in doing so, I might

dispel the gorgeous vision, and find its whole vast fabric only a delusive dream ? vol. i. p. 40.

The following picture, the first presented us on the arrival of Anastasi^{us} at Constantinople, faithfully illustrates the wretched tenure, by which the Grecian nobility holds its dignity and importance under the Turks.

‘It was with difficulty I could collect my scattered senses, when the time came to step down into the nut-shell, all azure and gold, which waited to convey the drogueman’s suite to the Fanar, where, with the other principal Greeks, Mavroyeni had his residence. Each stroke of the oar, after we had pushed off from the ship, made our light caïck glide by some new palace, more splendid than those which preceded it ; and every fresh edifice I beheld, grander in its appearance than the former, was immediately set down in my mind as my master’s habitation. I began to feel uneasy when I perceived that we had passed the handsomest district, and were advancing toward a less showy quarter ; I suffered increasing pangs as we were made to step ashore on a mean looking quay, and to turn into a narrow dirty lane ; and I attained the acme of my dismay, when, arrived opposite a house of a dark and dingy hue, apparently crumbling to pieces with age and neglect, I was told that there lived the Lord Mavroyeni. At first I tried to persuade myself that my companions were joking ; but, too soon assured they only spoke the truth, I entered with a fainting heart. A new surprize awaited me within. That despised fir-wood case of dusky brown, the regular uniform of all the Fanariote palaces, and which seemed so much out of repair, that the very blinds were dropping off their hinges, contained rooms furnished in all the splendor of Eastern magnificence. Persian carpets covered the floors, Genoa velvets clothed the walls, and gilt trellice work overcast the lofty ceilings. Clouds of rich perfumes rose on all sides from silver censers. And soon I found that this dismal exterior was a homage paid by the cunning of the Greek gentry, to the fanaticism of the Turkish mob, impatient of whatever may, in Christians, savour of ostentation or parade. The persons of the Fanariote grandees were of a piece with their habitations. Within doors sinking under the weight of rich furs, costly shawls, jewels, and trinkets, they went out into the streets wrapped in coarse and dingy, and often thread-bare clothing.’ vol. i p. 41.

At this stage of the work, it assumes very much the character of *Gil Blas*. It is the worthy son of Nunez, not at Toledo

or Madrid, but at Constantinople ; and without being at great pains to preserve the unity of the character of the hero, the author makes him the thread, on which is strung more exact and curious information of the private life in the better orders of society among the Greeks of Constantinople, than can easily be found elsewhere.

Anastasius is dismissed the service of Mavroyeni, and enters that of a Jewish physician. In chapter vi. is given a dismal description of the Turkish prison, into which he is thrown with his master for the temerity of their unlicensed practice. The description of the ravages of the plague among the miserable victims there confined, and chained in pairs, is truly terrific ; and one recoils at the frightful image of this awful judgment raging in the dungeons of a Turkish gaol. The following picture is traced with a strong hand.

‘Nothing but the visitation of this destructive monster seemed wanting to complete the horrors which surrounded me: for if even, when only stalking forth among men free to fly from its approach, and to shrink from its contact, the gaunt spectre mows down whole nations like the ripe corn in the field, it may be imagined what havoc ensues when it is permitted to burst forth from the inmost bowels of hell, in the midst of wretches, close-wedged in their dungeons, or linked together at their tasks, whom it must trample down to the last, ere it can find a vent in space. It is there that—with a focus of infection ready formed, a train of miasma ready laid on every side—though this prime minister of death strike at random, it never misses its aim, and its progress outstrips the quickness of lightning or of thought. It is there that even those who thus far retain full possession of health, already calculate the hours they still may live ; that those who to-day drag to their last abode their lifeless companions, to-morrow are laid beside them : and that those who are dying, make themselves pillows of the bodies not yet cold of those already dead. It is there that finally we may behold the grim destroyer, in one place awaited in gloomy silence, in another encountered with fell imprecations. here implored with anxious cries, there welcomed with eager thanks, and now perhaps received with convulsive laughter and mockery, by such as, trying to drink away its terrors, totter on the brink of the grave, from drunkenness as well as from disease.

‘The before busy bee-hive of the Bagnio, therefore, soon became a dreadful solitude. Its spacious inclosures, so lately teeming with tenants of every description, now began to present a void

still more frightful than its former fulness. Universal silence pervaded those endless galleries, but a few days before re-echoing with the confused din of thousands of prisoners, fighting for an inch of ground on which to lay their aching heads ; and nothing any longer appeared that wore a human shape, except here and there some livid skeleton, which, as if again cast up by the grave, slowly crept along the clammy walls. When, however, the dire disease had devoured all that could offer food to its voracity, it gradually fell like the flame which has consumed its fuel ; and at last became extinct. What few miserable remains of the former population of the Bagnio had escaped its fury were again restored to the regular sufferings of the place, suspended during the utmost height of the desolation.' vol. i. pp. 68, 69.

But the panic excited in our healthy towns by the unusual appearance of an infectious disease, would lead us to form, perhaps, an exaggerated idea of the anxiety which must prevail in so crowded and ill-governed a city as Constantinople at the appearance of the plague. It appears to be true that the Turks really act upon the principle of predestination ascribed to them, but which one finds it difficult to credit. It is most confidently asserted that no one recoils from a brother Moslem, who enters a coffee-house and takes his seat on the divan, with plague spots on his cheeks ; that no Turk avoids such an one on the highway, or, if in want of clothing, forbears to put on his clothes when he is dead. Neither does the dismay of the Greeks and Franks equal what we should expect. There is more inconvenience than fright. Life is turned into a quarantine and every dwelling-house into a blockaded fortress. The prudent inmate, if he leave his abode, will not do it on an empty stomach, often not without a pipe in his mouth. He hurries anxiously through the street, touching no man's robe as he passes, and studiously avoiding a contact with the troops of hungry mangy dogs in the streets. He sits on nothing hairy or woollen, takes neither paper or coin into his hand till it has been steeped and fumigated, and when he goes home receives the provisions for his table from without on forks, by which they are plunged into water, and with all this slavery feels hardly secure. The plague, called by the Greeks τὸ θανάτινον, is scarcely ever absent from Constantinople. In the year 1812, it is reputed to have swept away 200,000 souls, and it has lurked in the crowded and unhealthy portions of the city ever since. The superstition on the

part of the Turks which leads them to think that any attempt to escape the plague is not only idle but impious, is relaxing in those portions of Turkey where the Greeks enjoy any considerable influence. At Patras, at Tripolizza, and at Athens the Greeks have succeeded in establishing something like a quarantine ; though commonly operating in the case of Greeks and Franks alone : for notwithstanding the permission they may obtain from a Waywode or a Pasha to shut their gates on the traveller, the first Tartar bound on an errand through the city, will deride the quarantine, and perhaps scatter the pestilence from the housings of his saddle. No where has the Turkish policy been more enlightened in this respect than in the Morea ; and the houses in which the plague discovered itself, in the plains of Argos and Tripolizza, in the spring and summer of the last year, were regularly burned by order of the Pasha.

To return to our hero and his adventures ; he engages, on his delivery from prison, in the business of interpreter and *cicerone* to travelling Franks ; and a ludicrous picture, true to the life, is given of the entrance of a party of them into Constantinople. To protect himself from the consequences of an imprudent intrigue, he renounces his religion, and turns Turk, and goes back to Scio, the land of his birth, with the turban on his head. The unfortunate Helena, the daughter of the Consul, was with their infant dead, and the father of Anastasius, instigated by the elder sons, receives him with an unkindness which blasts his purposes of reformation. Leaving his native Scio in disgust, he wanders about the islands on board a vessel of the government, despatched for the collection of the yearly tribute ; descends on this errand to Rhodes, where the meditations of the author are in a solemn, high wrought strain ; and finally, on the recommendation of a Turkish officer, whose acquaintance he had formed on board the vessel, determines to sail for Egypt, and push his fortune in the military career, in that great metropolis of adventurers. He arrives at Alexandria, and ascends the Nile to Cairo ; and the following broad sketching is intended as a portrait of the native of the land of Egypt.

‘ Among the strange animals which our barge conveyed across this vast watery waste, shone conspicuous from the bright yellow of his glossy skin, a short bloated biped, who, on a head scarce

peeping above his shoulders, wore, perfectly poised, a huge flat turban, which gave the *tout-ensemble* the complete proportions of a toadstool ; and truly, in the eyes of the other natives, this natural production seemed very much held in similar estimation with a fungus. An Osmanlee of Cairo—a man of unusual information for his country, and of open pleasant manners—seeing the wonder with which I contemplated this figure, whispered me : “ Coobd is the name these people give themselves, and they trace their descent from the ancient Egyptians ; but they have changed the object of their worship from cats and onions to gold ; and the only hieroglyphics they preserve are those which secure to them the exclusive knowledge of the size, produce, and boundaries of all the cultivable tracts of the country. Nor is this, in their hands, a mere speculative and barren science. It secures them the stewardship of all the property of their Mahommedan masters. More conversant in arms than in arithmetic, we cannot dispense with this vermin, though it lives upon our best substance ; and every Mussulman, of any rank or wealth, from the Schaich-el-belled who farms the whole territorial contributions of Egypt, to the smallest Aga of a village, or subtenant of the Schaich-el-belled, has his Coobtic steward or writer, whose accounts he understands just as much as the Coobd understands the language of his own prayers. He only knows that he is cheated, and has no way to help himself.” vol. i. pp. 163, 164.

It is in the Egyptian chapters of *Anastasius*, that even the hardened lover of romances will begin to flag, and think he has mistaken his book. Notwithstanding this, we scarce know where more secret history of the convulsions of that country for the twenty years preceding the French invasion can be found. But our limits oblige us to pass over it, as hastily as the most resolute novel reader, that ever hunted a preposterous plot, through four volumes of wire-drawn sentiment. *Anastasius* is successful in his military career, rises from one political post to another, marries a wife of rank and fortune who soon dies, and finally escapes from Egypt, as the jealousies and intrigues excited by his prosperity begin to thicken about him.

He is now driven by his uneasy spirit of adventure into Arabia, and here too the narrative scatters its profusion of minute local knowledge on the route of the hero. He lands at Djedda, and there becomes acquainted with an astrologer, an occasion which the author seizes to make his readers acquainted with the mode, in which that valuable art is still

practised in the East. From Djedda he goes to Mecca on a pilgrimage to the holy city of the Osmanlees, and the following is a comparison of the appearance of the pilgrims on their departure for Mecca and on their arrival there.

‘ At Cairo I had viewed the departure of the caravan from the Birket-el-hadj, as a species of public rejoicing. The whole of the night which preceded the raising of the tents, the camp, resplendent with the light of millions of lamps, and re-echoing with the sound of thousands of musical instruments, seemed the special abode of mirth and pleasure ; and the ensuing morning the pilgrims, fresh, gay, full of ardour, and prancing along the road, looked like a procession of the elect, going to take possession of Paradise.

‘ Alas ! how different was the appearance of this same caravan, after a long and fatiguing march across the desert, on its arrival at Mekka ! Wan, pale, worn out with fatigue and thirst, incrustated with a thick coat of dust and perspiration, they who composed it seemed scarce able to crawl to the place of their destination. The end of their journey looked like that of their earthly existence ; or rather, one might have fancied their bodies already smitten by the spirit of the desert, and their ghosts come disembodied to accomplish their vow.

• Among the arrivals were some of my Egyptian friends ; but their sufferings had so altered them, that they were obliged to syllable their names, ere I could bring their persons to my recollection. One had almost lost his eyesight, another scarce preserved a remnant of his before slender intellect, and a third was, in consequence of constant alarms, become subject to such spasmodic movements, that he believed himself obliged to hold his head fast by the ears, lest it should turn round like a top on his body !’ vol. i. p. 237.

The obligation of pilgrimage to Mecca was perhaps imitated, by the Mahometans, from the Christians. In modern days, the Greeks have fashioned their pilgrimage on the Turkish, and the name Hadjee, or as it is written in Romaic *χατζης*, is arrogated with as much earnestness by the Greek, who has been to Jerusalem, as by the Mahometan who has been to Mecca. It is used by all, who have a right to it, as a title of familiar address, and it is usual to find it on the superscription of letters written to persons, who have made the pilgrimage. From Mecca Anastasius passes to Medina, and thence to Damascus, at that time the residence of Djezzar, or the

butcher, the well known pasha of Acre. After a short abode in the metropolis of Syria, he descends to the coast and embarks again for Constantinople.

On his return to the capital of the East our hero finds his old patron Mavroyeni advanced from the subordinate post of drogoman of the Capudan Pasha to the highest dignity to which a Greek subject can attain, that of Ospodar of Wallachia or Blackbey,* as it is called by the Turks and Greeks. Without troubling our readers with the stores of erudition, which may be found on the topic of Ospodars and Blackbeys in Engel's German history of Moldavia and Wallachia, we shall merely observe that these two *transistrian* provinces of the empire have, from the earliest conquest by the Turks, been governed, in a different manner from the rest of the provinces subject to the Porte. The population being exclusively christian, and not having been like the other European provinces checquered by the establishment of Turks in their bosom, it was found more convenient to farm these provinces to their native princes, from the body of the Boyars, (the indigenous Moldavian and Wallachian grandees) and afterwards to a member of one of the rich Greek families at Constantinople, than to send down a Turkish pasha. It was in the year 1716, that the first Greek hospodar was sent down from Constantinople, by the Porte, to the exclusion of the native princes. The demands of the Turkish government, in regard to these appointments, have been usually of the most summary kind ; a gratification to the treasury and all the subordinate agents connected with the transaction, in the first instance ; continual extorted presents from the poor hospodar during the administration ; and in the majority of instances decapitation and confiscation to conclude it. It is easy to anticipate the effect on the unhappy provinces of a government so constituted. No portions of Greece suffer so much, under the oppression of the Turkish government, no, not the poor Albanian shepherd beneath the extortions of the hardhearted Ali, as these two christian provinces under their christian hospodars. The period of their administration, as regularly constituted a period of seven years, is to make up to them the debts they have incurred in superseding their rivals, in buying their nominations, gratifying

* Wallachia is called *βλαχία* by the Greeks ; and *bey* or *beg* is the Turkish for Lord or Prince.

the insatiable avarice of their tyrannical employers, and in laying up a fortune for their families. With a few splendid exceptions, the memory of the hospodars is odious in Moldavia and Wallachia ; and the usual pretence of the Porte for their final destruction, is the murmurs of the wretched provinces ; who have never read Esop's fable of the flies. The hospodarship of Moldavia and Wallachia with the post of drogoman to the Porte, and the patriarchate of Constantinople form the four great objects of ambition, to the families of the Greek princes ; and the Fanal is constantly seething with intrigues to obtain them. By an ordinance of the Porte, issued three or four years ago, four families were designated, to which the succession to these dignities was henceforth to be confined ; an ordinance which, we presume, resolves itself into a stroke of Turkish policy, to make these offices twice an object of purchase ; in the first instance to become one of the four families, and then to attain the post, in the individual case. The adventures of Karadja, the late hospodar of Wallachia, who, with a fortune of 60,000,000 florins, fled two years ago from the bow-string, and took refuge in Geneva, and was at the last accounts at Pisa, are somewhat romantic, but it is those of Anastasius, which we are now bound to relate.

On his return to Constantinople, he renews his intimacy with a Greek to whom he had been formerly attached, named Spiridion ; the singular name which the Greek church has fabricated out of *spiritus*, and which designates the famous saint, whose body is still venerated at Corfu. Spiridion undertook, by his gentleness, good sense, and forbearance, acting under the impulse of a strong enthusiastic attachment, to produce a reformation in the life and manners of Anastasius, and bring him back to the bosom of the church. Several interesting chapters are devoted to the description of these efforts, and of course of their ill success. Anastasius is forced to fly once more from the capital, to escape the pursuit to which he was exposed, for killing a Turk that had insulted Spiridion ; and the zeal of the latter rekindled by gratitude prompts him to follow the desperate Anastasius, and make another effort for his salvation. Carried down the straights by the current, they soon reach the Archipelago ; and our hero, having heard at Mitylene of the death of his father, determines to visit Scio, and reclaim his share of the inheri-

tance. The prejudice existing against him among his former fellow citizens, as a profligate and a renegade, is changed into admiration of his generosity, in the division of the paternal estate ; and Spiridion, who had begun to fear the consequence of the conflict with his avaricious and unprincipled brothers, rejoiced in the success of his counsels, when he beheld the magnanimity with which Anastasius treated them. But this treacherous calm is soon disturbed by a scene, to which an abstract would do but poor justice.

‘ Since my sojourn at Chio, I had resumed my old travelling custom of carrying my pistols duly loaded in my belt. Many in Turkey always wear them thus when out of the capital. As they now impeded my breathing, I took them out, and laid them on the sofa. Scarce was I disencumbered of my weapons, when my knees began to tremble ; a dark curtain seemed to drop over my eyes, and I fell senseless on the couch.

‘ I continued some time bereft of all perception. On its return I found myself stretched out at full length where I had fallen, with all the accompaniments of one duly convicted of a decided and lasting illness. A regular physician of the place was feeling my pulse, and going to pronounce on my case ; and as my first return to my senses was marked by a fierce struggle with my Esculapius, I was at once judged to be in a violent delirium, and in imminent danger. Sentence was pronounced accordingly, and every internal medicine, and every external application prescribed, which could torture the human body and stomach. All the bystanders conceived me in the agonies of death, and civilly expressed their regret, at the short stay I made among them.

‘ To myself these politenesses seemed premature. The sudden transitions from heat to cold, the suppressed perspiration, the fatigue of body and the anxiety of mind during the journey, were quite sufficient, in my own opinion, to bring on a strong paroxysm of fever, without death being the necessary consequence. I however deemed it expedient to assent to all the doctor said, in order that he might say no more. It afforded Spiridion an excuse for turning out the company, and procuring me a little quiet. He alone stayed to nurse me.

‘ “ What a pity,” muttered I to myself, when I thought no one heard me. “ that that last dose of the English powders of mine should have been wasted in Egypt on that traitor my father-in-law.” Spiridion lost not a syllable of the soliloquy. “ There are foreign vessels in the harbour,” he cried. “ Possibly they may have some ;” and he immediately ran out to inquire.

‘Meanwhile my brothers had received from the departed visitors the agreeable intelligence of my being at the last gasp. They hastened up to me, eager with curiosity and hope ; and finding my door ajar and unguarded, slipped in with the least possible noise. I however had discerned their steps on the stairs, and immediately—before they entered the room—assumed the appearance of one in the act of resigning his last breath. Constantine was the first to approach. On tip toe he came to my bed side in order to ascertain whether his joy was well founded, ere he gave it full scope. With that laudable view he examined me most minutely from head to foot, raised and let fall my arms and legs, moved his hand before my eyes, put his ear to my mouth, first addressed me in a low whisper then audibly, then shouting with all his might, as if he suspected I might be playing him a trick.

‘Most manfully did I stand the whole ordeal. Nothing could make me wince or move a muscle ; and my affectionate brother at last acquired the grateful conviction, that if not quite dead yet, I had at least already lost all perception, and could not fail soon to depart for ever. He no longer delayed conveying the agreeable intelligence to the discreet Eustathius, who, the hindmost on all other occasions, on this also had not ventured beyond the door, and there stood, in breathless expectation, waiting the result of the scrutiny ; and perhaps also watching the condition of the outposts.

“Stathi,” said Constantine, with a sort of subdued exultation, “there is some warmth still about him—but depend upon it he cannot last !”

“Ah !” exclaimed the wary Stathi, shaking his head, “worse than he, I fear, have recovered !” and he fetched a deep sigh at the thought !

“True,” answered Constantine ; “and as we are alone, and have every presumption in our favour, why not make sure work, and crush the snake at once !” And so saying, he laid his hands on my throat, and attempted to strangle me.

‘This was doing things in a grand style ! Not stopping at half measures. I conceived for my brother a veneration, unfelt before, almost thought it a pity to interrupt him in his spirited proceeding, and would have let the farce go on, could I, at its conclusion, have revived at my own pleasure. *That* not being the case, I was reluctantly forced to notice the intended favour, and weak as I felt, to defend myself as well as I could, against my two stout assailants ; for Stathi too now advanced to lend a hand ; and it was evident that having once begun, they would not, if they any way could help it, leave their work unfinished.

‘My fire arms lay concealed, but within reach. With one hand I seized Constantine’s wrist, and with the other a pistol: “Ah brother! ah fiend!” I cried—and fired.

‘Never yet had I missed my aim, even when I held not my prey in my grasp. But at my first sign of life Constantine had started, and, content to leave his jubbee in my possession, had disengaged his person. My hand, besides, trembled with the effects of the fever—perhaps even with some instinctive sense of the dire office it was performing, and—the miscreant only received the ball in his shoulder.

‘Uttering a dreadful yell, he made a spring at the door, and darted out. Ere I could find my other pistol, Eustathius too had made good his retreat. Both were out of sight in an instant, but not out of hearing. My ears bore witness to Stathi’s stumbling down stairs, with such violence and outcry, as to make me entertain hopes that neither of them had entirely escaped the merited retribution.’ vol. i. pp. 290—292.

Spiridion returns, hears a confused account of an attempt of Anastasius to shoot his brothers, enters into an explanation, in which Anastasius through pride withholds the provocation under which he fired, and determines to leave him again and for ever. This is one of the most high wrought scenes in the book, but we have room but for an extract.

‘I went up to Spiridion’s chamber.

‘He was closing his portmanteau. The things about the floor had disappeared. All looked empty, orderly, and desolate.

“What means this,” cried I, affecting more surprise than I felt.

“Only,” replied Spiridion, “that what I said, I do.”

“Ah, my friend, my real brother,” exclaimed I, “do you then, in sad earnest, purpose to leave me? Cursed be my tongue, which uttered what my heart had no share in; and cursed be my hand, which confirmed the untruths of my tongue!”

“Anastasius,” now said Spiridion, seating himself upon his little bundle, “fancy not your last words and actions to have been the sole and primary cause of a long-formed and long-resisted resolution. Its origin dates far higher. The unkind speeches and gestures of this day only gave the final impulse!

“From children we were brothers in love. When you rescued me from death, the day that all our companions stood palsied by fear, gratitude only rivetted affection’s prior links; and duty, I hoped, had rendered them indissoluble, when my father himself named you his second son! Many years his com-

mands of fraternal kindness to his Spiridion's preserver remained without fruit. You yourself best know how. Yet was the deep-rooted attachment of childhood never replaced by more recent friendships ; and when I again beheld you at Constantinople, my feelings for my Anastasius still preserved all their freshness unfaded. Evil inclinations of no ordinary magnitude, indeed, I saw mixed with your better qualities ; but I thought that, if freed from their alloy, your virtue too would eclipse ordinary virtue ; and I imagined an unbounded devotion might enable me to become the instrument of so noble a reformation. I undertook the task. I resolved to save from perdition your soul, as you had saved my body ; and I prayed the Almighty to bless the undertaking. Some return on myself also, some selfish feelings perhaps were mixed with my wishes for your welfare. I could not help fancying that, regenerated through me, you would become my support and my consolation in the irksome race I am destined to run ; that in your turn, you might assist me in the struggles and dangers that strew the rugged path through which I am destined to journey. In short, I hoped that, each blessed in the other, we should toil through life together, and that when shone forth our last day, which ever was summoned first should only die in the other's loved arms. Great as were the pains you took to expose my presumption and to dispel my foolish dream, long did my soul firmly cling to its fond chimera ; long did my heart hug it as a thing too precious to part with !

“ But there are lights that even strike the blind. Reluctantly, though irresistibly, I have at last been forced to see that no arguments, no persuasion, no labour of mine, have power to control the passions which enslave you ; and that however I may strive, I still must leave you ungovernable, and you still must leave me wretched as before. Much as I tried to avert my eyes from the fatal truth, I have at last yielded to the painful conviction that, sooner or later, we still must end in separating for ever ; and that, by trying to put off the evil day by struggling for a short and transient respite, I can only at last drink the cup with greater bitterness. I therefore submit to the decrees of Heaven : I bow to the will of Providence in flying from thee, as I erst hoped to fulfil it by following thy footsteps. In sadness I go ; but I go, and for ever ! Far from thee I henceforth shall live ; and far from thee it will be my fate to die ! Yet, Selim, thou art young still. What the anxious warnings of friendship could not perform, the leaden hand of time may achieve. It may allay the ferment of thy passions, clear away the impurities of thy heart, and—though I shall not witness the blissful change—still make thee great and virtuous. This happy consummation God in his goodness grant ! ”

“ Ah, Spiridion,” cried I, clasping my friend in my arms : “ You cannot, you shall not leave me thus !” But he, fearing his own weakness, in order to render a relapse impossible : “ On my head be God’s eternal curse—be that of my aged father !” he exclaimed, “ if I do not immediately return to my paternal roof !”

“ I now felt all remonstrance to be fruitless. “ You are right,” replied I. “ The game could not go on between us. The stakes were not even. Loaded with the gifts of Providence, and accountable to your fellow creatures for their use, you may not squander your ample means on a barren soil, nor seek ruin with a reprobate whom you cannot save. Yet, if once Anastasius did possess your love, and still returns all your affection ; if that wretch, that reprobate, in the midst of all his errors, never ceased to reverence your virtues ; if his spirit, undaunted by all else, stooped to you, and worshipped you alone—Oh, Spiridion, listen ! At present that, bereft of all hope, indeed weaned of all wish to hear a sentence repealed on which depends your peace, he for ever renounces the happiness of your society, nay, urges you himself to fly his baneful presence ; at least grant this only last request—grant what he, who never yet humbled himself before mortal man, implores of you on his bended knee : tell him—lay this unction to his sickening soul to know—that you do not hold him in utter detestation !—that on leaving him to return no more, you at least feel a pang ; and when—all earthly things gone by like unsubstantial shadows—comes the day of your reward in heaven for the good deeds done on this earth—when, before the throne of Mercy, arrayed in all your worth, you receive your well-earned meed of ineffable joy, cast back one look of pity on the wretch who, overwhelmed by the weight of his guilt, sinks while you rise to glory. Speak for him to your Maker one poor word of intercession : and beg he may not fall so low in the abyss of wretchedness. but that from an immeasurable distance he still may behold, and be consoled by your bliss !”

“ If at any time, here or hereafter,” cried Spiridion, “ I forget you, may heaven forsake me !”—and bending down his head, he wept aloud.

“ After some time he rose up, and wiping away his tears : “ I have made you,” said he, “ a promise to hold good for eternity ; now make one in your turn to last only a short space of time.”

“ Any you please,” I answered.

“ What a temptation that !” rejoined my friend.—“ But I shall not abuse your confidence. I shall not ask what you cannot perform. It was only a trifling favour I wanted for mutual mitigation. Take this watch,” he added, giving me the one he wore ; “ and count just twenty minutes ere you stir from this

spot.”—Saying which, he took up his parcel, and walked to the door. I tried to remonstrate and to stop him ; but gently pushing me aside : “ you have promised,” he cried, and instantly disappeared. vol. i. pp. 294—297.

After he had been thus left to his fate by Spiridion, Anastasius wanders back to Egypt, and is again successful in the military career ; upon which occasion the history of affairs in that country is brought up from the point where his former adventures left it, to 1787. His residence, however, in Egypt was short, and he returns to Constantinople, with a view of seeking employment under Mavroyeni, his first patron, who, as we have already stated, had arrived at the dignity of Hospodar of Wallachia. On reaching Bucharest, he is advanced by Mavroyeni to the command of the Arnoots or Albanians in the war with Austria, then just broken out. As the constitution of Mavroyeni’s army is precisely that of the Turkish forces at the present day, and as a conflict seems impending between those forces and the armies of Ali Pasha and his sons, the following sketch may enable our readers to form a conjecture as to the success likely to attend the efforts of the Porte, to reduce these powerful subjects.

‘To defend this line of frontier most immediately threatened, Mavroyeni had early fixed, for the rendezvous of his chief forces, upon the plain of Fockshan, which took its name from an open place on the borders of the two principalities, belonging half to the one and half to the other. Thither were ordered in April from Bucharest, the Arnoots, of which I commanded the principal division together with as many Seïmen and provincial Janissaries as could be mustered. At the same time were marched thither from Sophia, where the Visier had now established his head quarters, several divisions of infantry and cavalry from the grand army—the stipendiary Janissaries under the command of their Sangeaks, or generals by promotion, and the feudal Spahees under that of their Agas, by descent. When all were arrived, the collective force at Fockshan might amount to twelve or thirteen thousand men. Of these various troops, however, none were to be depended upon, save the Albanians, brave by nature, and only deficient in tactics and discipline. Most of the Janissaries, or infantry, came from Anadoly. They were men engaged in the professions of peace, forcibly torn from their wives and families, and who only marched on foot when they could not afford a horse. The Spahees, or horse soldiers, on the contrary, often only hold-

ing their Zeeameth or Timar from some grandee, as the wages of domestic service, or sent as substitutes by the real fieftee, a woman or a child, scarce knew for the most part how to sit on horseback, and would have looked better on foot. Obligated to furnish their own equipment, and to find their own provisions, they were only occupied in calculating the length of their journey and the hour of their return, only stayed while the pillage of friends or foes afforded them a subsistence, and as soon as this mode of supply failed, considered themselves free to depart, and without asking leave, hurried back to their homes. The provisions supplied by government, and contracted for by the commanders, were, as usual, partly from neglect, and partly from fraud, at once so insufficient and so bad, that it was difficult to say which was calculated to produce the speediest mortality, their abundance or their failure. Destitute of all regular magazines, the troops must have been, if not poisoned, at least famished, but for the immense train of volunteer Tellals, or retailers, who always follow a Turkish camp, impede the progress of the army, and obstruct its retreat. When the pay of the soldiers runs short, these accommodating gentry take, in exchange for the necessaries with which they supply them, their arms, their accoutrements, and their horses. Thence, on a sudden emergency, half the Turkish infantry appear disarmed, and half the cavalry dismounted.' vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.

Mavroyeni, for his ill success in the war, is disgraced, and Anastasius alone, of all his dependents, follows the broken fortunes of his patron, who is soon released from his cares by a capidgee, despatched with a bow-string from Constantinople, for the neck of the fallen Hospodar. On his death, our hero returns to the capital, becomes fond of gain, puts what he had been able to acquire by extortion in Wallachia into trade, enters into partnership with a rich merchant, and saves nothing from the loss of both their fortunes, but the insurance of the vessel, in which they were embarked. The recovery of this carries him to Smyrna, and on his journey back again to Constantinople, we have an account, apparently authentic, of the singularly respectable life and character of Hadjee Bollad-Oglou, chief of the mighty house of Kara-Osman, lords paramount of a great part of Anadoly, (Asia Minor) and resident at Magnesia. It is contained in the seventh chapter of the second volume, but our limits do not allow us to make any extracts from it. Disappointed in a new commercial calculation, which had carried him again to Smyrna, Anastasius now engages in a life of dissipation, with

a set of profligate adventurers, which ends in the deliberate ruin of a beautiful girl, Euphrosyne, with the aggravation of the most cruel and merciless treatment of her, into which he was betrayed by the infamous machinations of a wretch, whose thirst of vengeance for a former slight, had led her to assist Anastasius in the seduction of Euphrosyne, and then to embitter their minds mutually against each other, by the calumnies which she fabricated and reported. The arts of this female Zanga are so successful, that Euphrosyne is driven by the cruelty of Anastasius from her abode, and expires in the horrors of want and suffering, in giving birth to a boy, without its being in the power of the miserable father to find her out, to ascertain her innocence, or repair the wrongs he had done her. Exhausted in fortune by the life of gaming and dissipation, which he had led, our hero places his child, (whom he first discovers after the death of its mother) in the care of some poor people, with the small resources for its support, which he could raise from the wreck of his means, and starts off himself, by the way of Aleppo, to Bagdad, to push his fortune with the rebel Pasha of that country.

The reader is now introduced to an acquaintance with the Wahhabees, the powerful and spreading sect, whose progress has been so often mentioned in our newspapers, but of whom so little is known. The arid but extensive province of Nedid, (we use our author's words) the inmost centre of Arabia, was not only the first cradle of Islamism, but the country where, in after ages, the doctrine of Mohammed remained most exempt from adulteration. The inhabitants of this province adhered to the text of the Koran under the simplest forms of worship, and became in time known as a separate sect of the faithful.

‘ And this happened toward the close of the seventeenth century. At that period the district of Ayani was ruled by a Schaich of the name of Suleiman, descended from the same noble family of the Koreish—now reduced to a few obscure individuals—whence sprung the Prophet. This Schaich derived a considerable income from the numerous herd of camels which he let out to the Indian Mohammedans who yearly disembarked at Katif, and traversed Ared in their way to Mekkah : but loaded with riches, he long remained unblessed with progeny. In his old age, and when he no longer had any hopes of offspring, heaven most unexpectedly bestowed on him a son.

‘ Every species of prodigy is said to have announced and accompanied the birth of this high-fated child. An universal earthquake made every mosque that rests upon the ground shake unto its foundations, and every minaret that shoots up in air topple on its base ; and while, during several successive nights, cities, villages, castles, and fields shone with a supernatural and brilliant light, the lamps which burned in the sepulchral chapels of Mohammed, and of the other saints of Islamism, were dimmed and went out preternaturally, spite of Imams and of snuffers : miracles so well attested, that no one can doubt them, except determined unbelievers.

‘ Abd-ool-wah-hab, or the slave of the Most High, was the name given to the infant, for whom heaven seemed to reserve such lofty destinies. Sent to study the law in the most celebrated medresses of Damascus, the youth learnt from the sturdiest Mohammedans themselves to attack the corruptions introduced into their creed. He no sooner returned to his home, than he began publicly to preach the necessity of a thorough reformation.

‘ His doctrine has been represented as pure Deism ; but nothing can be more erroneous. Abd-ool-wah-hab maintained not merely the divine origin of the Koran ; he might even be said to enhance the importance of the sacred text, by asserting that alone it was able to supply all the spiritual wants of the faithful, without any adventitious aid, and by divesting of the smallest remnant of authority every article of faith, or rule of conduct, since added to the book sent from heaven, either by the Prophet himself, or by any of the later doctors of Islamism : for while Abd-ool wah-hab regarded the Koran as received directly from the Most High, he considered Mohammed, its organ, as only an ordinary mortal. Endowed, according to the new sectary, with no one superhuman attribute, no gift of miracies, no peculiar sanctity, this man resembling other men could not give a stamp of holiness, even to such oral precepts distinct from the Koran as he himself spontaneously uttered ; and if any worship, addressed even to Mohammed, was reprehensible in the eyes of Abd-ool-wah-hab, still infinitely more so was the least character of sanctity attached to other individuals—Imams, doctors, or expounders of the law. Pilgrimages performed to peculiar tombs, virtue attributed to peculiar relics, were treated as rank idolatry ; and the first pious performance enjoined the new proselytes, when they had acquired sufficient strength, was the destruction of the chapels of Mekkah and Medina, of Iman-Aly and Iman-Hussein, where Sunnees and Scheyeys yearly unite in devout orisons to the ashes of the pretended saints. Their dust was, like that of the desert, to be scattered in the wind ; and the treasures which adorned their monuments were to reward the piety of their despoilers.

‘When about the middle of the eighteenth century, Abd-ool-wahhab, oppressed with years of renown and sanctity, was at length gathered unto his fathers, his son Mohammed, educated like himself in the study of the law, and consequently also distinguished by the title of Moollah, succeeded him as preacher of the new doctrine. Mohammed gave himself more wholly up to its internal light, since that from without penetrated not his eyes, struck from his childhood with incurable blindness. This circumstance indeed prevented him from leading out his proselytes himself, in the wars for the defence or propagation of his new creed, but its irrefragable truth had already found a champion of the most martial description in Ibn Sehood, the supreme ruler of Ared, who resided at Herayeh, and who became the temporal chief of the Wahhabees, while Moollah-Mohammed remained their spiritual leader.

‘From the moment that the new doctrine, adopted by old established princes, became enabled to add the force of arms to that of arguments, it made rapid and extensive progress. Almost immediately on the promulgation of Wahhabism, its more recent name had sanctioned the tenets already professed of old by the roving tribes of the desert; and soon after its establishment in the Ared, the stationary Schaicks of the province of Kherdj enlisted under its banners. It now rapidly approached the Hedjas; and the Shereef of Mekkah, the guardian of the Kaaba, began to tremble for his power and for his dominions. Loudly inveighing against the apathy with which other states saw the danger approach them, he determined to avert it from the realms he ruled, by promoting a powerful diversion.’ vol. ii. pp. 153—155.

It was against these Wahhabees that Anastasius undertakes to raise a troop of Dellis, in the service of the Pasha of Bagdad, who had been ordered to march against them by the Porte. In consequence, however, of false suspicions entertained of him, as being a Wahhabee in disguise himself, he is soon obliged to fly from Bagdad, and takes refuge with the sect whom he had been preparing to march against. Here we are introduced into a life wholly new, of the true Old Testament simplicity, in the tents of the Bedoween Arabs. Anastasius acquires their confidence, and marries a daughter of their tribes: a singular character, of the Lady Sarah Lidhurst cast, who, if the sketch be not borrowed more from a European than an Arabic original, (and we are free to confess that our author appears to have been betrayed away from his orientals here,) shows that the glorious art of tormenting yourself and those you love is as well under-

stood in the deserts of Arabia, as in the parlors of European civilization. His wife, however, dies ; and leaving the Wahhabees, Anastasius descends to the coast ; after having had the good luck to acquire a considerable fortune, by the plunder of a rich merchant in a caravan, which he had attacked with another tribe of Arabs, to whom he had joined himself for the occasion. He arrives at Acre, and relates us the history of Djezzar Pasha, the butcher, which the reader will find in the fifteenth chapter of the second volume. Returned to Constantinople, he forms the plan of converting his effects (into the mode of acquiring which, as the reader will judge from the specimen just given, it is not safe too curiously to pry) into bills of credit, and going with his child, whom he expected to find at Smyrna, to pass the remainder of his days at Trieste.

He finds in Smyrna no trace of his child, and but an indistinct one of its having been carried to Egypt by the wife of a foreign consul. Thither he pursues it, and after many fruitless efforts, discovers it in the following manner.

‘ Nor was I long without descrying at a distance a child approaching, whose dress belonged not to the country. A female held it by the hand ; but from *her* my very first glance recoiled as from a total stranger—one who bore not the least resemblance to the nurse of my Alexis.

“ It cannot be he !” sighed I to myself ; and yet, so playfully did the little fellow trip along, so erect was his gait, and so noble his mien ; with so lively and inquisitive a manner did he stop to survey each new object in his way, that I envied his too happy parents, and could immediately have given up all paternal claims elsewhere, for a good title in the treasure before me. “ Ah !” thought I, “ had this angel been my own !” But as he drew nearer—as by degrees I discerned more of his countenance and his features—as I became enabled more distinctly to trace the outline of his serene and radiant front, of his dimpled downy cheek, and of his wavy coral lip—as, above all, he himself, with a look at once arch and innocent, fixed upon me his full bright eye—that eye which so eloquently spoke the heaven of his heart—O God ! O God ! all Euphrosyné at once burst upon my senses ; entire conviction in an instant filled my mind. I felt it must be, it *was*, my own Alexis, my own babe, I beheld !” vol. ii. p. 247.

The guardians of the child, who had adopted it as their own, resolved on not resigning it to Anastasius, whom they

regarded either as an impostor, or if the true father, as a profligate person, to whom the child ought not to be intrusted, throw such obstacles in the way of his recovering it, that it is only by setting fire to their house (a process wholly unknown in our law in similar cases) and availing himself of the moment of their flight, to wrest the child from the arms of the person who carried it, that he is able to get possession of it. Having thus with difficulty recovered his child he escapes with it, amidst the greatest dangers from pursuers, and succeeds in reaching a boat and a ship bound for Europe. He spends the voyage in familiarizing the child to its strange new father, and succeeds in gaining its confidence and love. He arrives at Malta, in the lazaretto of which he makes the first discouraging specimen of European hospitality. Following our hero to the Italian coast, we are carried with him into the fashionable circles of Naples ; but the pictures now seem to lose the brilliant colouring of the East. We are tired with traits of manners with which we are familiar. After a hasty visit to Rome, our Grecian hero embarks with his boy at Ancona for Trieste. The leakiness of their vessel compels them to quit it on the Dalmatian coast for a Ragusan, and the suspicion of the plague resting on that subjects them to a quarantine on arriving at Trieste. It was his intention here to have settled down in tranquillity, devoting himself to the education of his child ; when an unexpected calamity, the only one which could now befall him, broke in upon this dawn of happiness.

‘ The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God ! What was there in it so heinous, to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds.

‘ In the midst of my dream of happiness, my eye fell upon the darling object in which centered all its sweets. Insensibly my child’s prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided into an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale ; his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading ; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy’s little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became fever-

ish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement ; but though play things were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight ; nor would he take any thing except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally doting father ; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.’ vol. ii. pp. 286, 287.

The distress of this unhappy moment is wrought into agony by a protracted calm, which delays the ship’s progress. At length they arrive at Trieste, but the suspicious health of the vessel throws new delays in the way of procuring medical aid for the suffering child of Anastasius. No part of the work is better written than this. The following is the description of the scene on the quay, and the subsequent burial of his child, whom he had recovered but to lose forever.

‘ Lest Alexis might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me : the future I knew I no longer should reck. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eye, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognizing his father, and—putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful : I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life’s last faint spark was going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over : Alexis was no more—Euphrosyné avenged—and Anastasius the wretch he had long deserved to be !

‘ I shed no tears ; I moaned not ; I made myself not a spectacle for the gaping multitude : but, ordered to the lazaretto, I threw my cloak over what had been my heart’s best treasure, and, with the sacred burthen in my arms, silently proceeded to where I was shown my temporary prison.

‘ After frequent relapses, I prepared to perform to my child’s sad remains the last duties of a man, a Christian, and a father. In the gloomy precincts of the lazaretto I saw the narrow cell dug which henceforth was to hold all I cared for on earth. Then, kissing for the last time those faded eyes which never more were to beam upon me, and those livid lips which no longer felt the pressure of mine, I suffered the dreary winding-sheet of death to

shroud from my further view my angel's altered features; and carried him weeping to his last home; but when the moment came—after the priest had concluded his office—to lower into the foul jaws of the grave, and to resign to corruption that lovely body—that last relic of my short lived felicity, I scarce felt courage for the dismal task: I clung to what I was going to lose, until fresh violence became necessary; and when over the idol of my boastful heart I again beheld the ground made like all other ground: “Now come,” cried I, “when it list, my own final hour! I shall hail it as the healer of sorrows—as the friend who springs forward to receive suffering man, when all other friends depart.”’ vol. ii. pp. 290—296.

The desertion of Anastasius is completed by a rencontre with his ancient friend Spiridion, who slowly recognizes and coldly receives him, and whom in his turn Anastasius, by departing from Trieste, now leaves forever. On his journey through Carinthia he is struck with the secluded appearance of a cottage on the way, and takes up his abode there. He here forms an acquaintance with a young couple in his neighbourhood, who had known better fortunes; and the husband, Conrad, commits these memoirs to writing, on the dictation of Anastasius. They are soon brought to an end by that of their subject, who dies in the arms of Conrad.

‘The third morning after this speech, Conrad, coming in at an early hour, found not his patient, as usual, on his pillow. Anastasius had made shift to creep out of bed, and was kneeling before a chair on which rested his face. At first he seemed in a swoon: but, discerning the approach of his friend, he held out his trembling hand to him, and, trying to raise his head, faintly cried out, “Heaven takes pity at last. Thanks, O thanks for all your goodness!” and immediately relapsed. After a second interval of apparent absence, a second fit of momentary consciousness followed, when Conrad, stooping, heard the poor sufferer utter, but in a voice almost extinct: “O my Alexis, I come!” and immediately saw his head fall forward again. Conrad now tried to lift him into bed, in order that he might be more at ease. There was no occasion: Anastasius was no more.’ vol. ii. pp. 313, 314.

Such is a very meagre sketch of the narrative of this book, scarcely full enough, we fear, to excite an interest in the person of the hero, or justify the length to which our article has run. But we should rather that our account should fail of

exciting this interest, than that exciting, it should not gratify it: for after all, we are afraid to recommend the book itself to indiscriminate perusal. Some parts are dull and some offensive; and the whole of it requires more geographical knowledge to be read understandingly, than can be supposed to be in the possession of general readers. For notwithstanding what we have said of the elevated character of the novel writing of the present day, we presume no one ever reads a novel with a map. Without a very good map, Anastasius will be unintelligible.

We ought, before quitting the work, to praise the freedom from ostentation, with which this great mass of information is brought together. A few notes, scarce any of them more than two or three lines long, contain the *materiel*, from which an accomplished book-maker might easily have spun an octavo. We are unable to extend this commendation to the orthography made use of in writing the proper names, a matter of no small moment in a work containing so many. If the principle followed, as one would sometimes think, be to spell them in such a manner as best to convey their oriental pronunciation to an English eye, we are wholly unable to conceive why, by turns, the peculiar orthography of almost every modern nation of Europe is admitted; why we should have Sotiri, Tshawooshes, Kehaya, Reïs, Capoose, Yaoor, &c. none of which express the Greek or Turkish pronunciation to an English reader.

ART. XV.—*Speeches of the Governors of Massachusetts, from 1765 to 1775, and the Answers of the House of Representatives to the same; with their resolutions and addresses for that period. And other public papers relating to the dispute between this country and Great Britain, which led to the Independence of the United States.* Boston, Russell & Gardner, 8vo, pp. 424. 1818.

THERE are few works calculated to let the reader so fully, and at the same time so agreeably, into the real character of the controversy, which led to our revolutionary war, as the work before us; and no one which ever gave us so high an opinion of the men by whom that dispute was managed. It is not enough for us to know what battles were fought in the